

• A DELL COMIC •  
• A DELL COMIC •  
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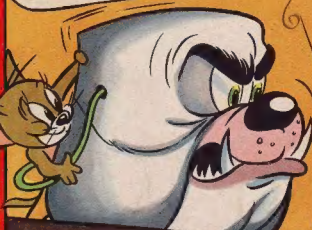
10¢



# TOM & JERRY

## COMICS

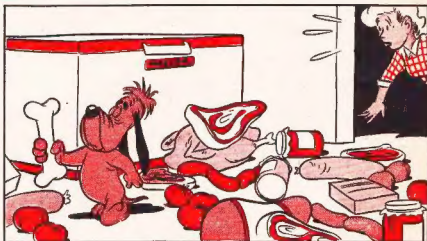
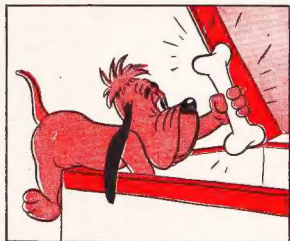
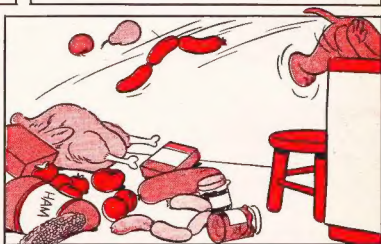
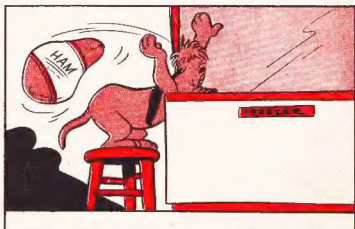
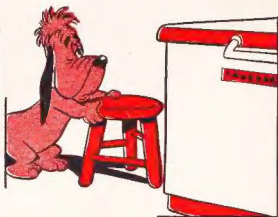
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52 pages

ALL COMICS!

# **DRIP**

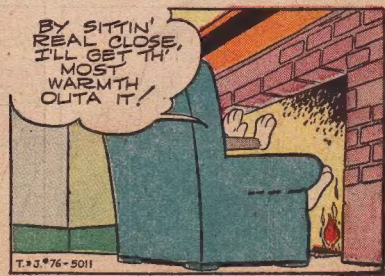
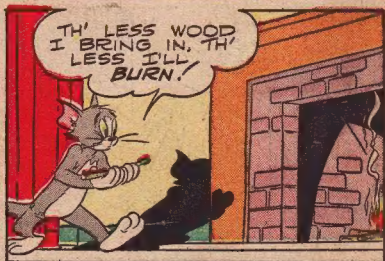
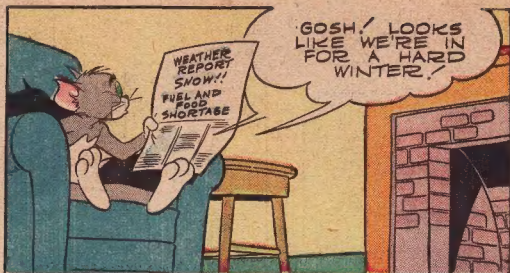


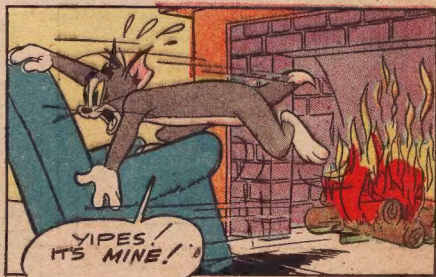
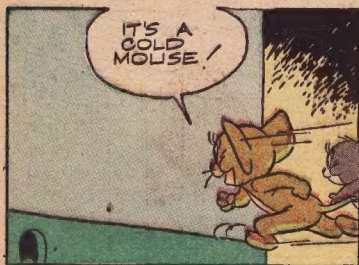
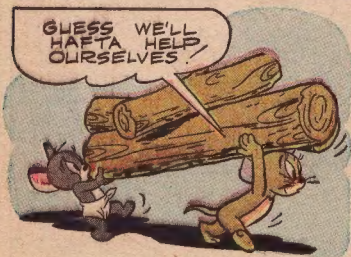
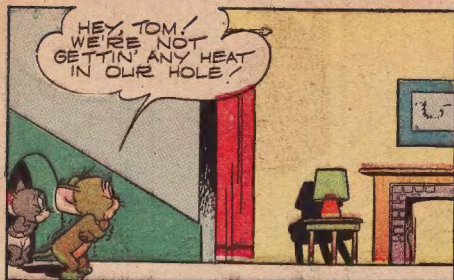
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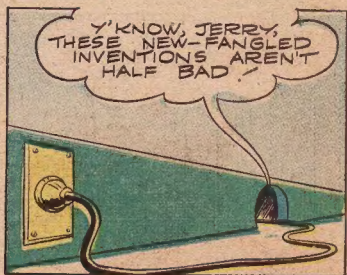
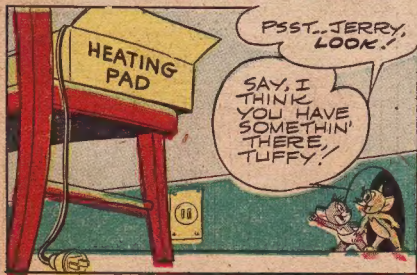
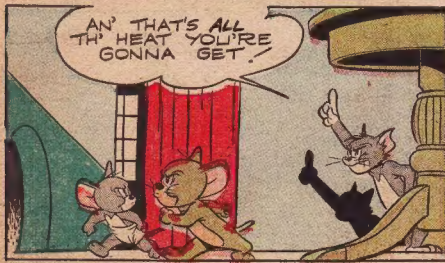
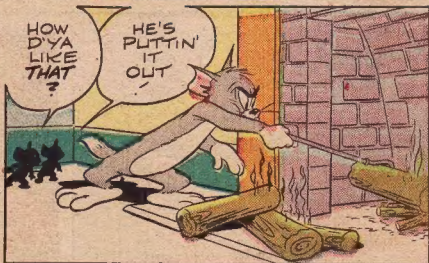
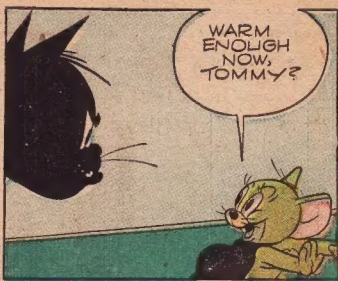
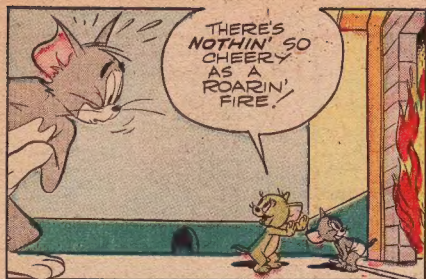


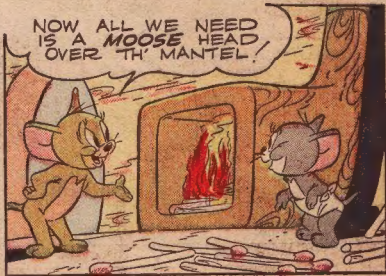
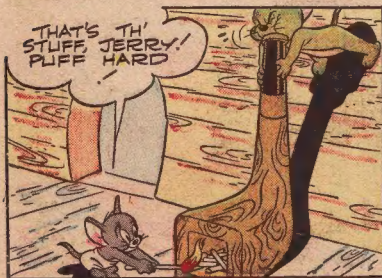
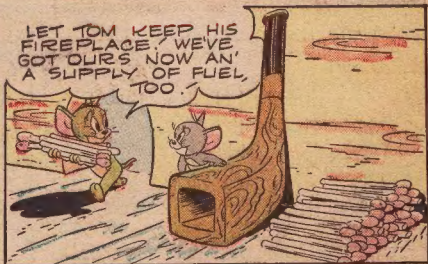
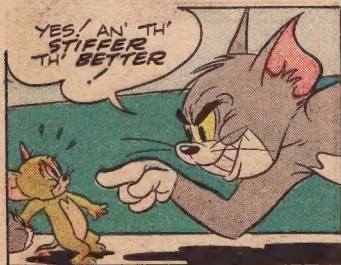
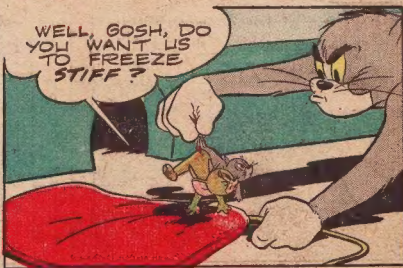
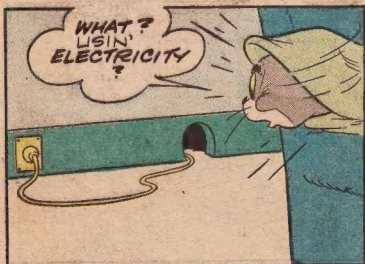
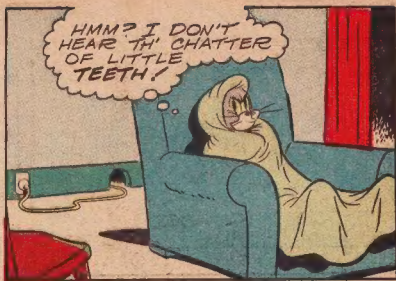
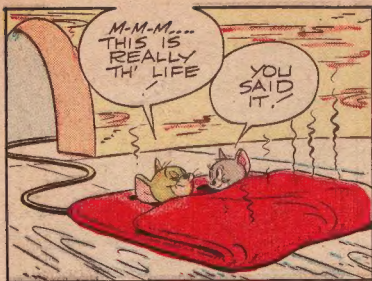
M-G-M. CARTOONS  
*present*  
**TOM  
and  
JERRY**



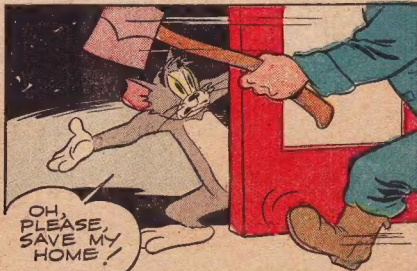
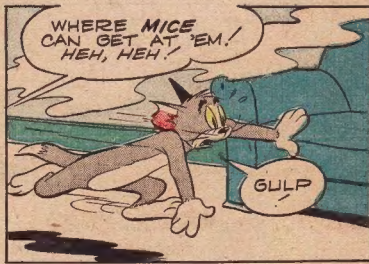
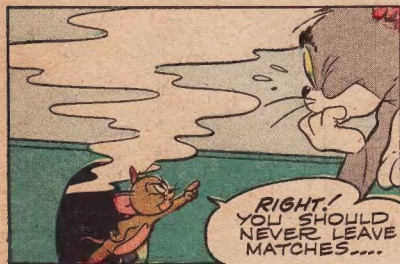
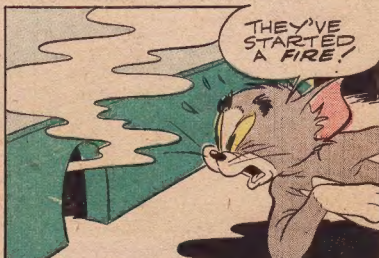
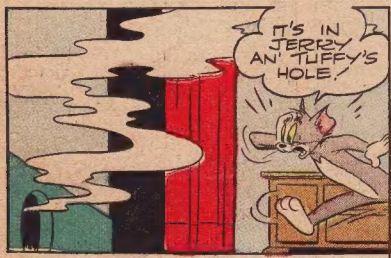
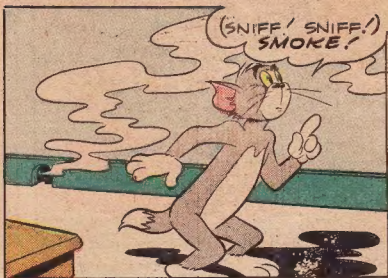
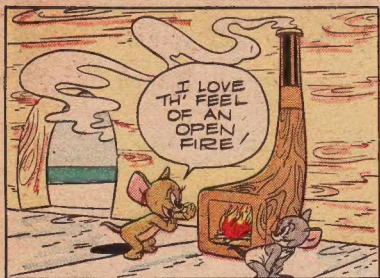


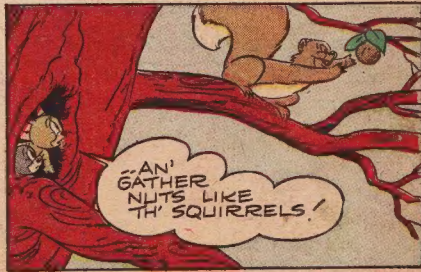
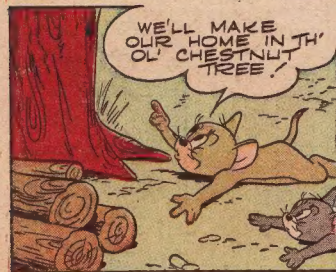
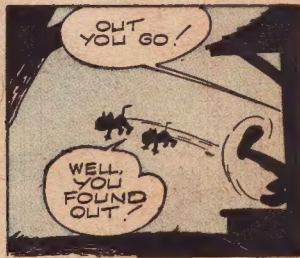
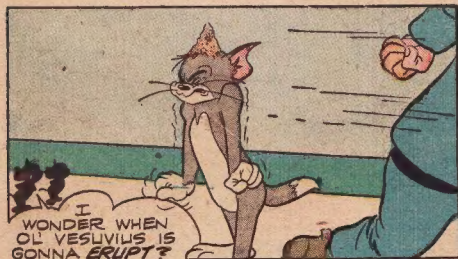
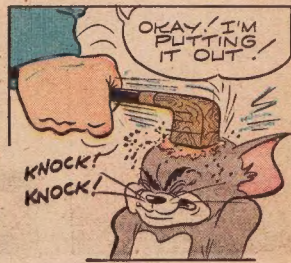
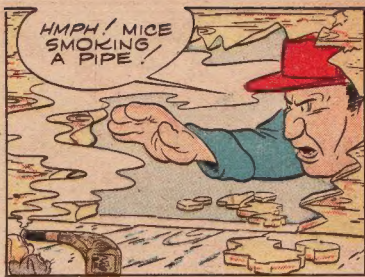
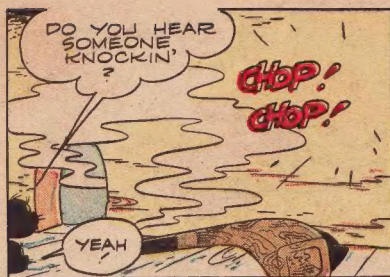




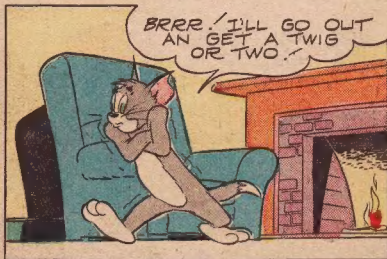
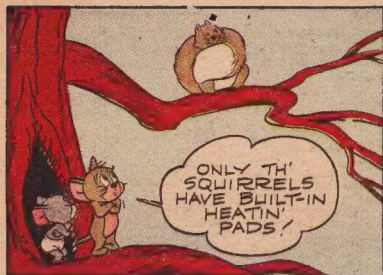


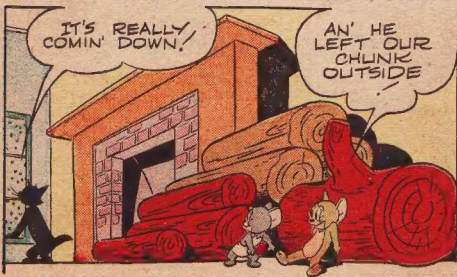
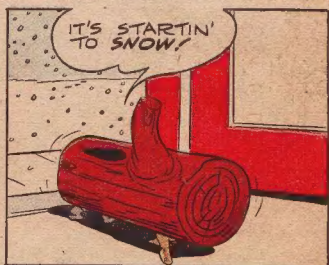
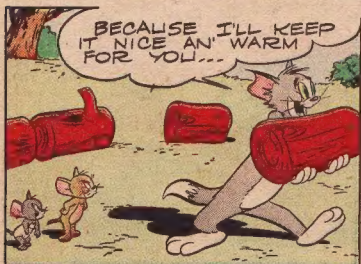
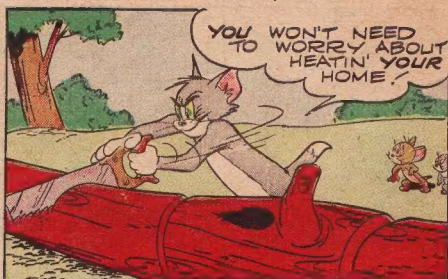




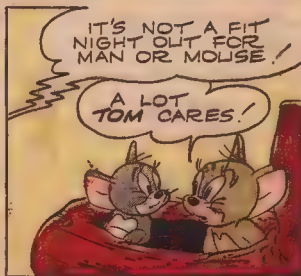
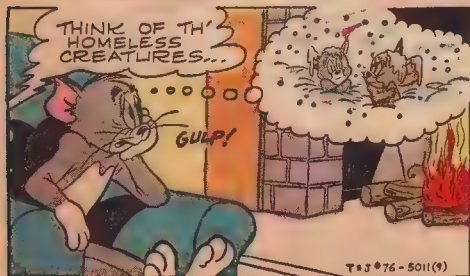
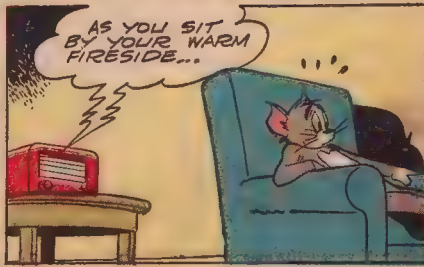
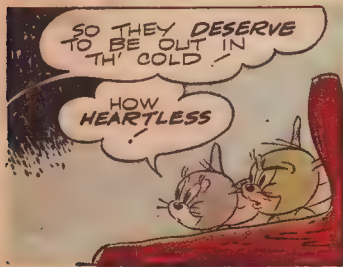
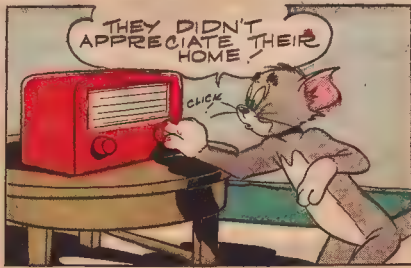
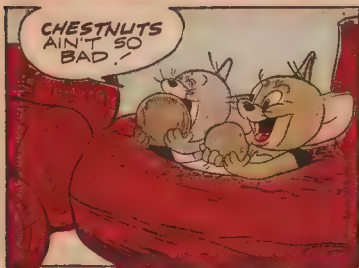
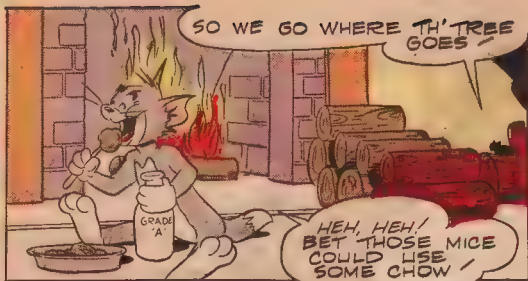


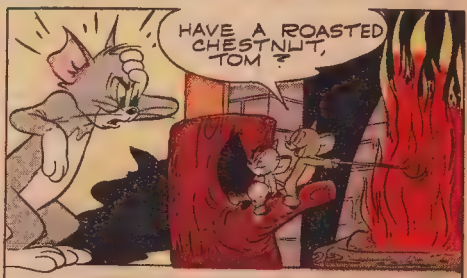
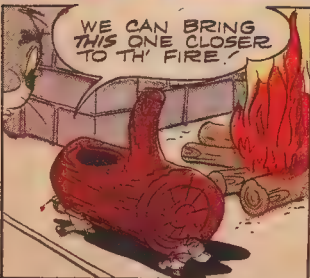
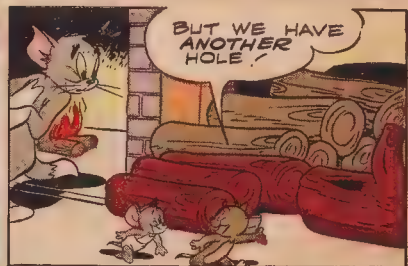
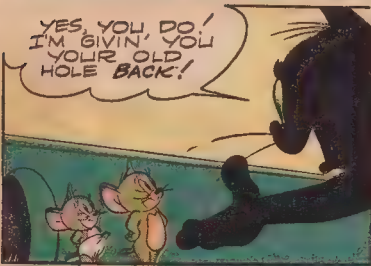
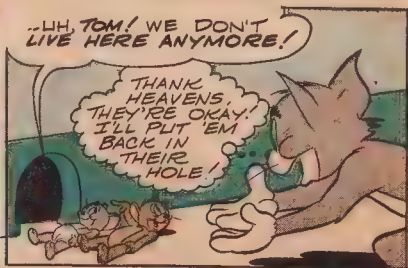
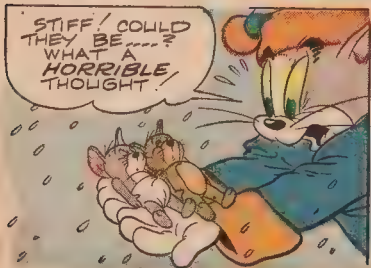








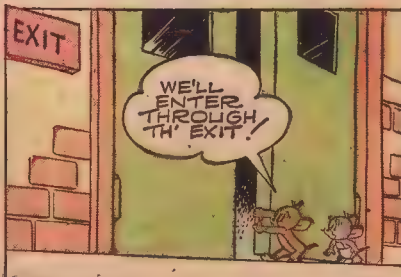
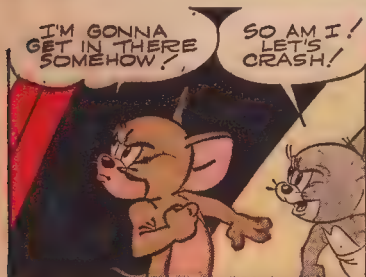
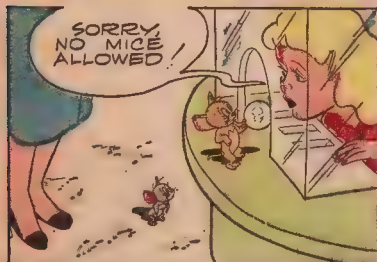
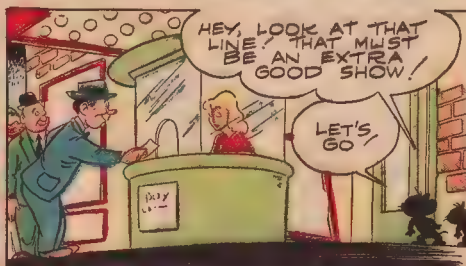
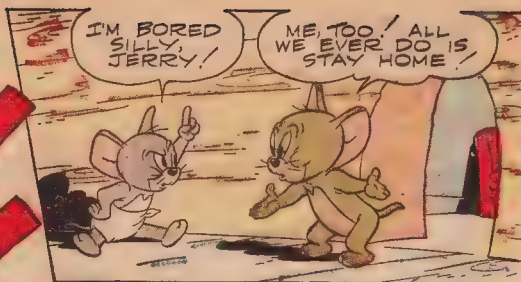


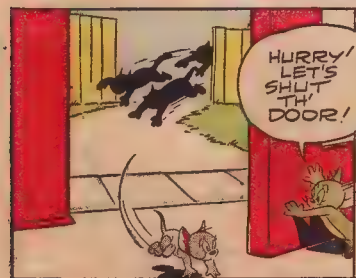
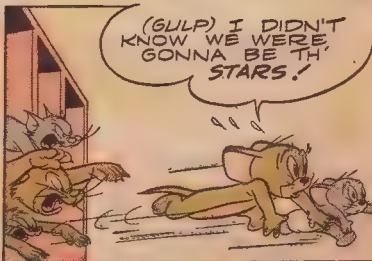
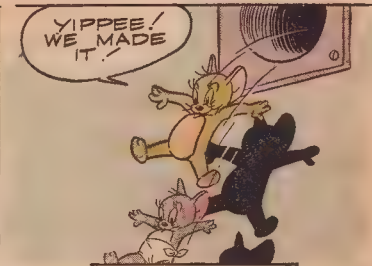
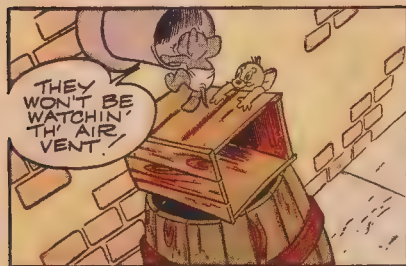
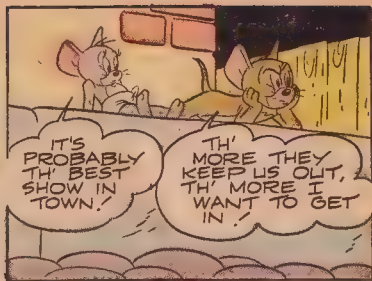
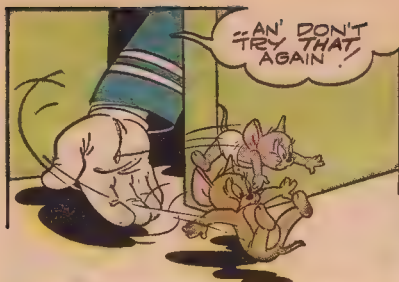




M-G-M. CARTOONS  
*present*

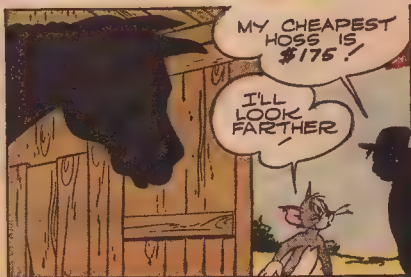
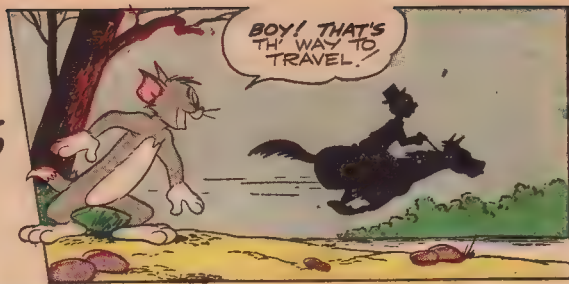
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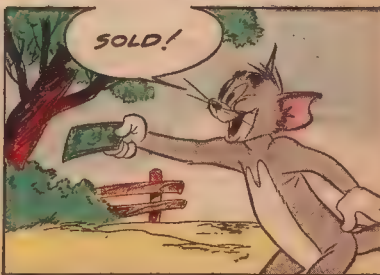
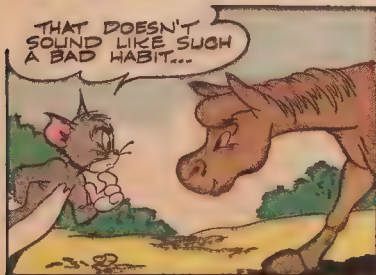
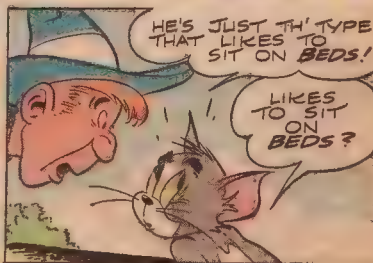
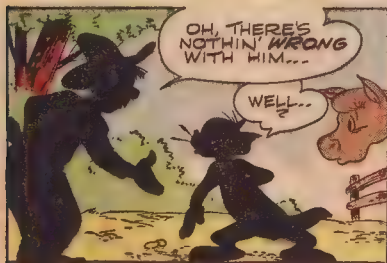
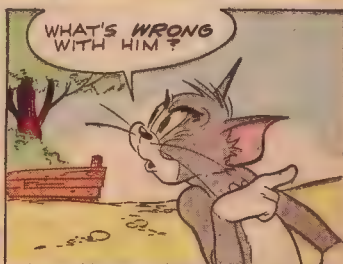
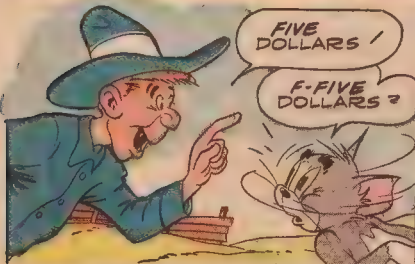






M-G-M- CARTOONS  
*present*  
THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
TOM



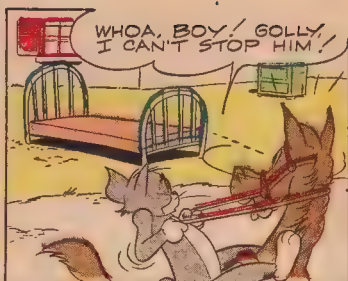




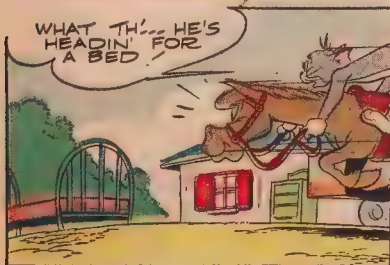
SHOULD BE EASY  
TO KEEP HIM OFF  
OF BEDS.



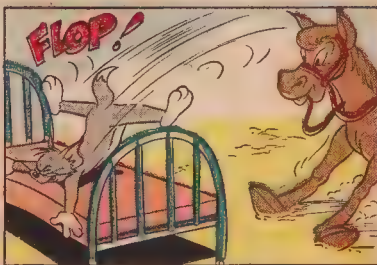
WHOA, BOY! GOLLY,  
I CAN'T STOP HIM!



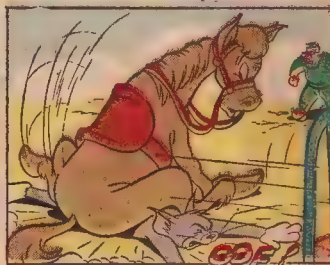
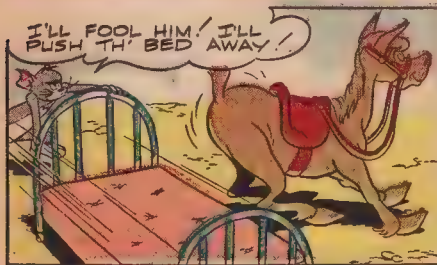
WHAT TH'... HE'S  
HEADIN' FOR  
A BED



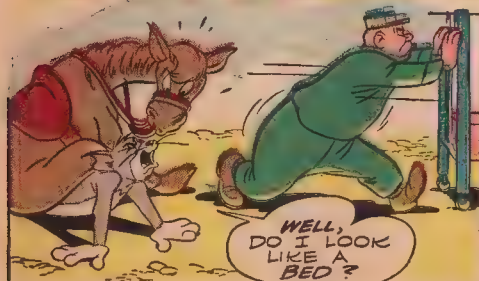
**FLOP!**



I'LL FOOL HIM! I'LL  
PUSH TH' BED AWAY!

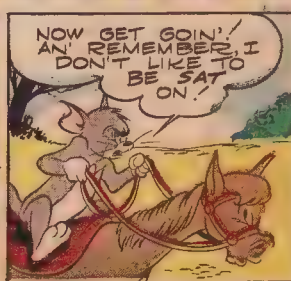


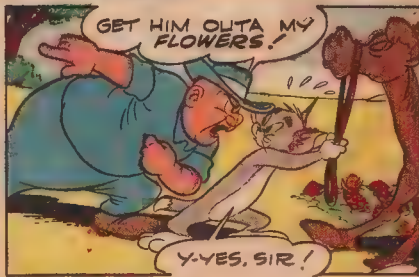
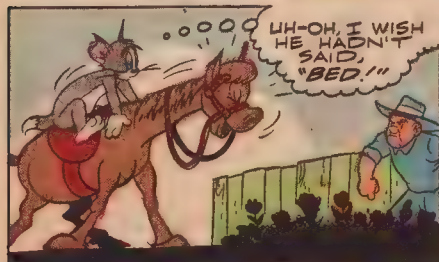
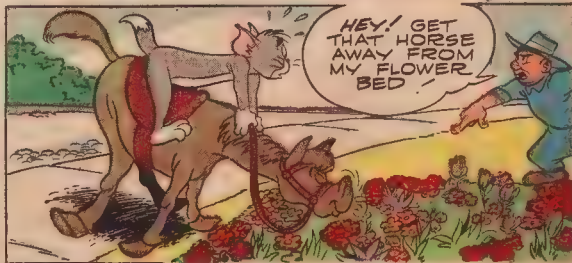
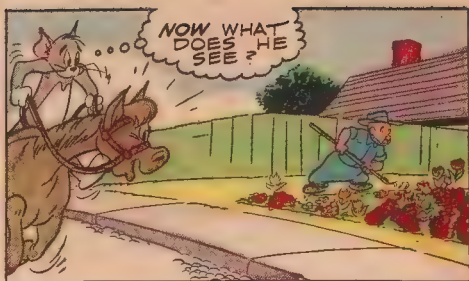
**GOF!**



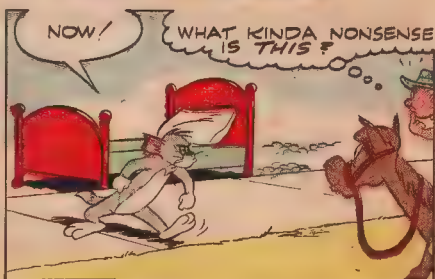
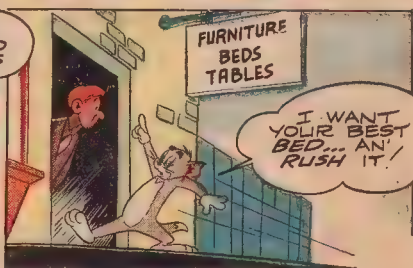
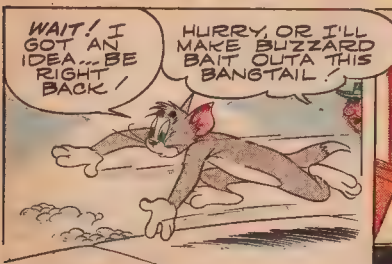
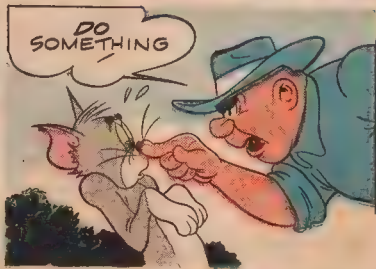
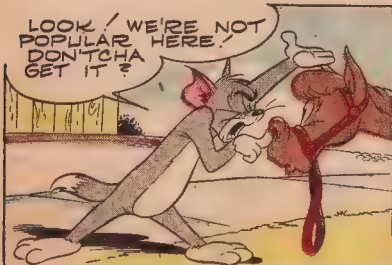
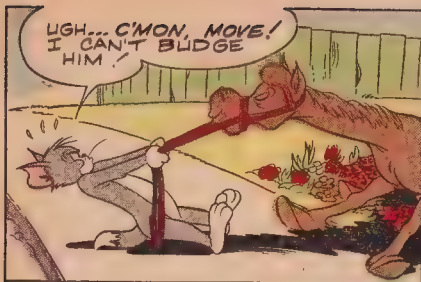
WELL,  
DO I LOOK  
LIKE A  
BED?

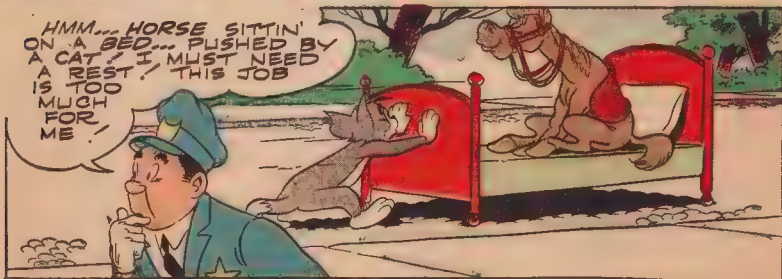
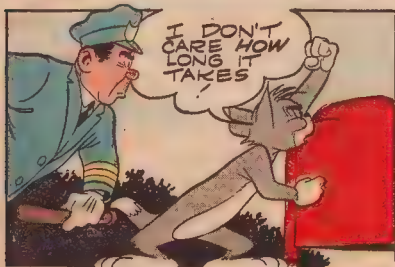
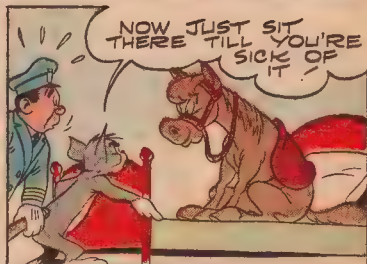
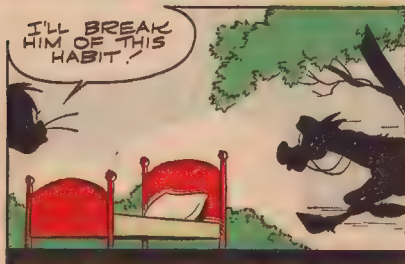
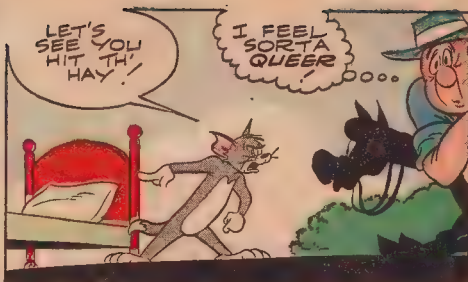
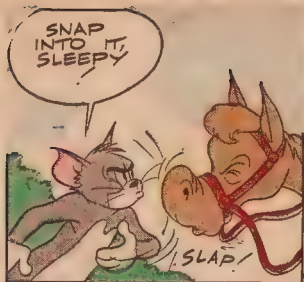
NOW GET GOIN'!  
AN' REMEMBER, I  
DON'T LIKE TO  
BE SAT  
ON.



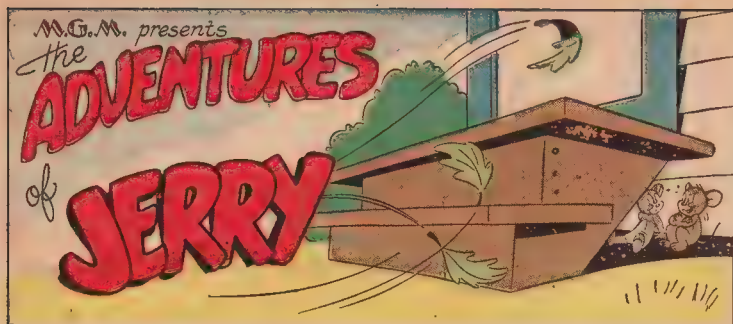












Jerry and Tuffy crouched under the back stoop and listened to the autumn wind howling over their heads. The two little mice shivered.

"Locked out again!" moaned Jerry "Now that they've got the storm doors and windows up, we haven't a chance of sneaking in before morning, and, when we do get in, there's the foolish cat!"

"I wish it would stay warm all year 'round," sighed Tuffy. "The minute it gets chilly, Tom plunks himself under the kitchen stove, and I hate eating with old whisker-puss breathing down my neck. If we're out, we're cold, and if we're in, we're hungry! It's rough, that's what it is!"

"HONK! HONK!" cried the wild geese, as they flew overhead on their way South. "All aloft! All aloft! Last flight for all points South! HONK! HONK!"

"The next time anyone calls me a 'silly goose,' I'll consider it a compliment!" squeaked Jerry, as the last sounds of the departing birds echoed back. "We're the silly ones, and THOSE BIRDS have the right idea!"

Tuffy stopped shivering and sat up as if someone had suddenly slapped him on the back. "Jerry!" he cried "You're so right! Here we sit being miserable, when all we'd have to do is go South and everything would be perfect!"

"All we'd have to do..." Jerry repeated. "Willickers! Tuff, going South doesn't just mean a walk down the street! By the time we hiked to any-

where where it was warm, we'd be too old and worn out to enjoy it!"

But Tuffy was all excited and he grabbed Jerry's hand. "Quick! I've got an idea, but we'll have to hurry!" He started running and Jerry couldn't help but follow.

"Say, Tuffy!" Jerry panted, as they dashed through the meadow. "Where are we heading?"

"Down to the pond!" cried Tuffy, and a few minutes later, the two little fellows were standing in the tall grasses that bordered the water.

Tuffy looked at the ruffled surface of the empty pond and sighed with disappointment. "My hunch didn't work, Jerry. I thought maybe the geese would land here for a drink, and then we could try and hitch a ride."

They started to turn around to go back to the house, when they heard a sudden beating of wings. They looked at the pond again and there, floating proudly in the center, was a coal black swan!

"G-Golly!" whispered Jerry. "He sure thinks he's something, doesn't he?"

"I'm going to ask him if he's going South!" piped Tuffy. "The worst he can do is say 'no'!" Tuffy walked right to the water's edge and yelled, "By any chance, are you going South?"

"No!" answered the swan, in a bored and haughty manner. "Not by any CHANCE what-so-ever!"

"Well," went on the undaunted Tuffy, "then where are you going?"

"Pray, tell me, of what possible inter-

est is my destination to you?" sniffed the swan.

Tuffy shrugged his shoulders. "It's no use, Jerry! This guy would never give us a lift, anyhow!"

"I would too!" retorted the swan, who had overheard Tuffy's remark. "Why didn't you say you wanted a ride? In spite of my proud ways, I'm an obliging fellow! A bit snappy and temperamental, but obliging!"

"B-B-But!" stammered Jerry in surprise. "You just said you weren't going South!"

"I said," stated the swan emphatically, "that I wasn't going South BY ANY CHANCE! That's what HE asked me!" And he nodded at Tuffy. "It's a well planned trip that I take every year. I have a lovely estate in the South. If you wish, I'll take you along. I find my own company so unpleasant, I shall be delighted to share it with you!"

Tuffy stepped back and whispered to Jerry, "This bird acts more like a loon than a swan! What do you think?"

The swan stretched and fluttered his wings. "My hearing is excellent!" he growled. "And I think that if you want

to come, you'd better do so! Because I'm leaving!"

A few seconds later, Tuffy and Jerry were seated on the strong back of the swan.

"Just relax!" the swan told them, as he got ready to take off. "Weather permitting, we'll have a smooth flight. I don't indulge in anything so ridiculous as stunt flying!"

The bird's feathers were soft and warm. Jerry and Tuffy snuggled down into them and hung on, as the beating of the large wings told them they were on their way.

Up and up and up they went.

"Wow!" gasped Jerry, as they flew over puffy clouds. "We sure are high!"

"A-a-a- Have you any idea how long it will take us to get there?" stammered Tuffy.

"Never talk when I'm flying!" was the terse answer flung back by the swan.

On and on they went, with nothing to break the stillness, but the flapping wings of the large bird.

At last, the swan called back, "Tighten your hold! We're landing in a few moments!"

"If I tightened my hold, you'd be missing a mess of feathers!" mumbled Tuffy.

"Ulp!" gulped Jerry, as the swan sailed downward. "If only my inside would fall as fast as my outside!"

There was a quiet splash and the little mice breathed a sigh of relief. The swan had landed.

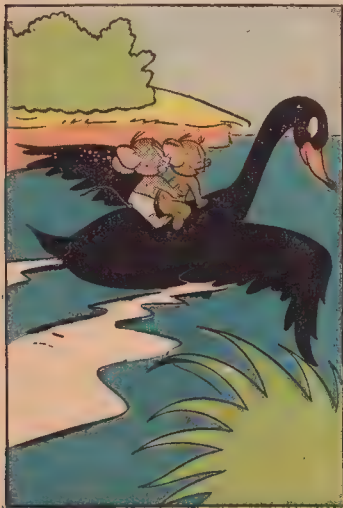
"This is just a stopover!" the swan informed them. "The gardener here makes provisions for my welfare, and he deems it a great honor that I drop down when I fly this way."

"You don't say!" squeaked Tuffy.

"I most certainly DO SAY!" declared the swan, who then turned to Jerry and asked, "Tell me, is HE ill mannered, or just not very smart?"

When the swan let them off on the edge of the garden pool, Tuffy was seething. "Just WHO does he think he is!" he muttered to Jerry. "He looks like a flying eel and acts like a flying Earl!"

"Better be nice to him!" warned Jerry, as they sat on the rocks edging





the water and munched on the food put there for the birds. "We've got a long way to go!"

Tuffy held his temper until they were aloft again and things went along smoothly for a while. But, suddenly, the air grew hot and still.

"Look at those grey clouds!" cried Jerry. "Isn't that a storm ahead?"

"What if it is! I'm behind schedule enough now, without stopping for every little storm!" complained the swan.

Tuffy stared at the dark and angry clouds. "If this is your idea of a little storm, better let us off right now before you hit a BIG one!" he stated. "Anyhow, this is far enough South for me!"

"Suit yourself!" sniffed the swan, and down he circled.

Soon, Jerry and Tuffy were standing on a white sandy beach almost by themselves.

Watching them from behind a lone coconut palm, was a rabbit!

"Whew!" gasped Tuffy. "I'm sure glad to get rid of that giraffe-necked cuckoo!"

"Don't be too hard on him!" advised Jerry. "After all, he did give us a ride! Say, Tuff, look at that wooden football! Folks must play a rough game down here!"

At this remark of Jerry's, the rabbit burst into hearty laughter and stepped out of his hiding place. "Hee! Hee! You all sure enough must be strangers! Thinking a coconut is a football!"

"Coconut?!" exclaimed Tuffy. "I thought that was the white stuff that grows on cakes!"

Jerry was so busy staring at the rabbit, for a moment he didn't say a word. To begin with, it was the fattest, most tattered rabbit he had ever seen! Over one shoulder, he carried a broken comb and over the other, a net bag full of shells, seaweed and driftwood!

"Uh...er...a...who are you?" Jerry finally blurted out.

His staring hadn't bothered the rabbit at all. "Why, I'm Marsh Q. J. R. Hare! Marsh for Marsh, Q for Cute, J for Jack and Hare just because. . . Folks mostly calls me Drifty, on account of my business, which is mostly driftin'!"

Jerry shook hands with the odd rab-



bit. "I'm Jerry and he's Tuffy," he told him. "We've been thinking of spending the winter here!"

"Fine! Fine!" cried Drifty in a hearty tone. "When it's not kicking up a storm, the weather's beautiful! Right now, we'd better get under cover!"

But the advice came just too late. A sudden wind bent the lone palm tree and the sky turned over and let loose a solid sheet of water!

"Over here!" yelled Drifty, pulling Jerry and Tuffy towards a long, flat log. "We'll keep dry under this!"

The three of them huddled under the log until, as suddenly as it had come, the storm departed. The sun came out, bright and hot.

"I'm going to sit up here and dry off!" Tuffy announced. He was just about to pull himself up, when the "log" wiggled lazily, and MOVED towards the water!!

"Eeeekk!!!" shrieked Tuffy. "A dragon!!!"

"You all'll get used to them after awhile," yawned Drifty. "They're just alligators. I'm always mistaking them

for logs. They're all right as long as they're not hungry."

"That's fine!" Tuffy shuddered. "And how do you find out? By patting them on the snout and asking?! Not me! Let's get out of here!"

"Hop on my back and I'll take you all to my place!" said Drifty. "Where I live, there are more people than anybody, and it's very civilized!"

Jerry and Tuffy were only too glad to leave this wild section. They hung on for dear life, as the rabbit hopped homeward. He was so fat that each time he landed, the mice were jolted and jarred.

"This guy needs a new spring job!" growled Tuffy.

"Here we are!" sang Drifty, as he halted in the middle of a leap and landed in back of a sand dune.

Jerry and Tuffy looked dubiously at an overturned orange crate which was draped with some shabby fish net.

"This beachcombing's a nice life when you get the hang of it!" observed Drifty, as he ushered them into his rickety dwelling.

Jerry bent over and whispered to Tuffy, "Kind of miss our apartment!"

"Me too!" answered Tuffy. "If it gets any hotter, I'll begin missing Tom!"

There seemed to be no escape from the sweltering heat!

"How about a seaweed sandwich and some seaweed tea?" asked Drifty.

"Whew!" panted Tuffy, wiping his

brow. "No, thank you! I don't feel very hungry!"

Jerry and Tuffy went over to the "coolest" corner of the orange crate and tried to get comfortable. But, it was no use!

"Ouch!" cried Jerry. "Now it's sand fleas!!!"

"And mosquitoes!" moaned Tuffy, slapping at his ear. "Jerry!" he softly asked, "Do you think there's a way to get home? I've had enough of this southern vacation!!!"

"I'm going to ask Drifty!" Jerry said. "He'll know a way. You and I just aren't cut out for beachcombing!"

A few days later, Jerry and Tuffy were stowed away in the corner of a rumble seat of an ancient jalopy!

"Gosh! Thanks for finding us this ride, Drifty! It's been nice knowing you but, Tuffy and I will be glad to get home!"

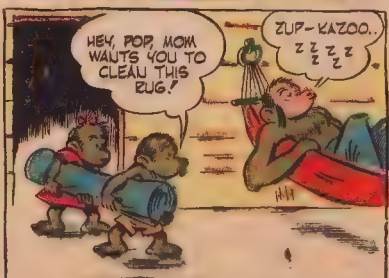
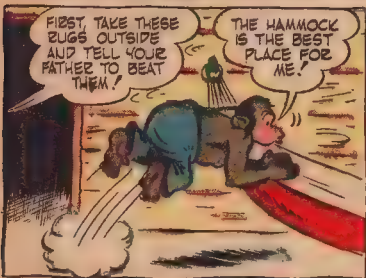
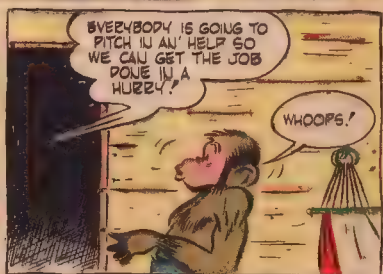
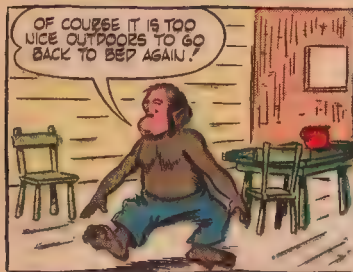
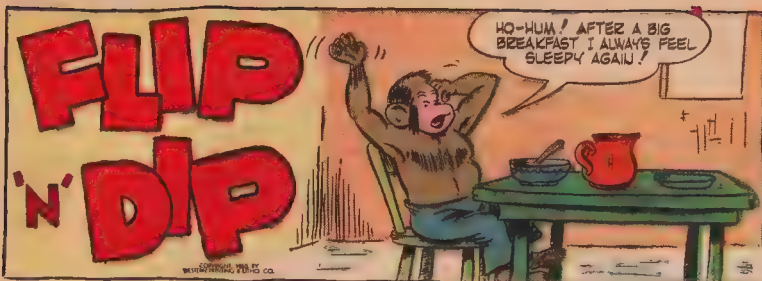
"Glad to do it!" grinned Drifty. "It may be a bit rough riding, but this fellow's headed right for your state! Have a good trip!!!"

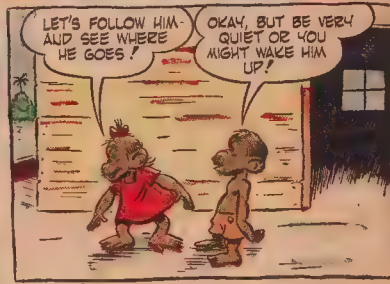
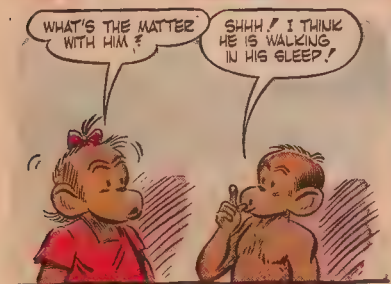
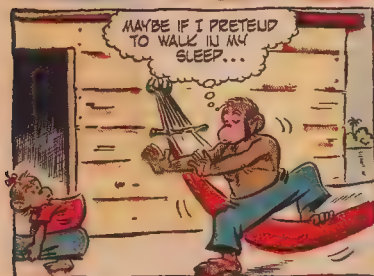
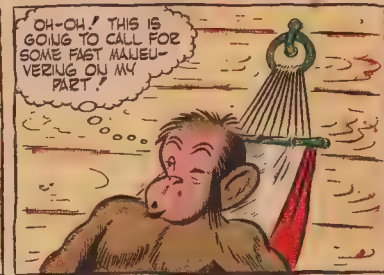
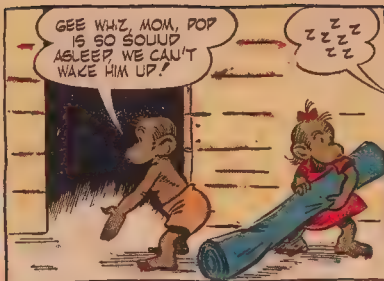
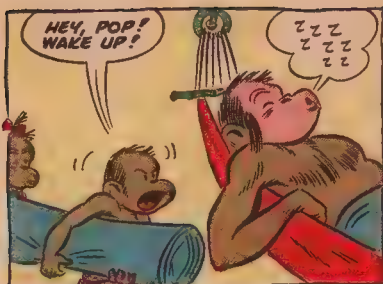
"We sure went through a lot to get away from the winter weather," sighed Tuffy, "and here we are heading right back where we'll freeze!"

"Don't worry about that!" chuckled Jerry, as the car jerked and slowly ground to a start. "From the looks and sounds of his car, we probably won't arrive till spring!!!"

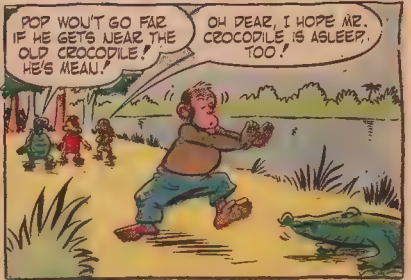
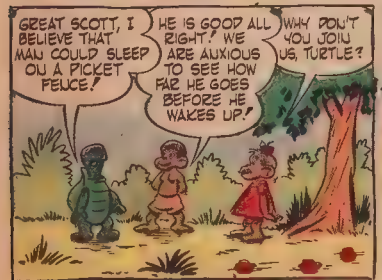
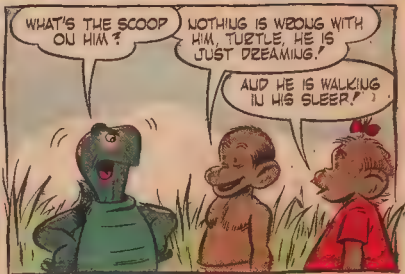
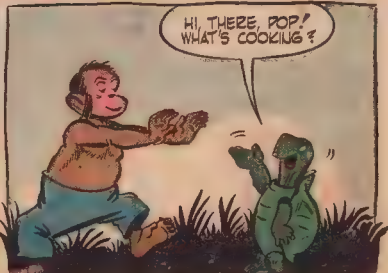
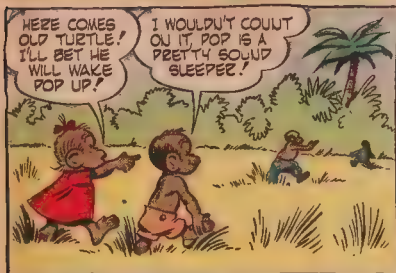
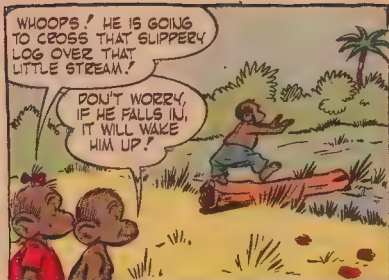
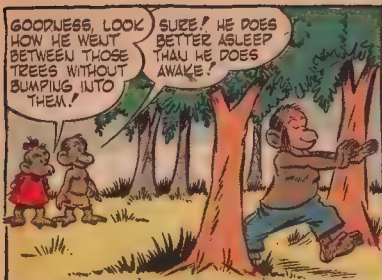


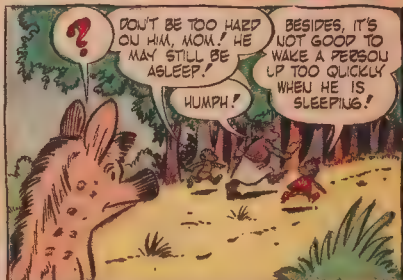
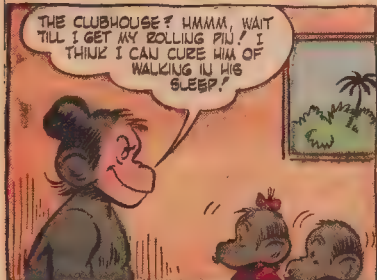
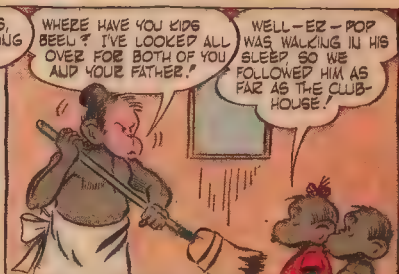
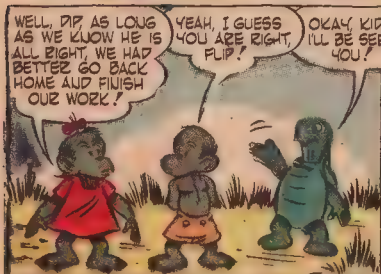
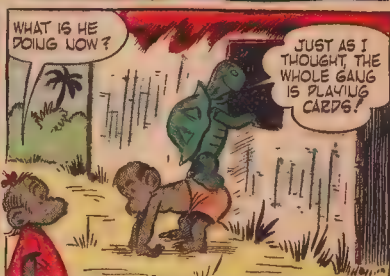
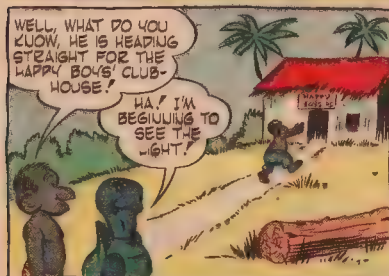














MEANWHILE,  
AT THE CLUB.

WE ARE KIND OF SURPRISED TO SEE YOU AROUND HERE SO EARLY, POP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, COULDN'T MOM FIND ANY WORK FOR YOU TO DO?

HEH, HEH!

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, FELLOWS, MOM HAD A **BIG** JOB FOR ME TODAY, BUT I PRETENDED TO WALK IN MY SLEEP AND GAVE HER THE SUP!

HA-HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

HEY, POP, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW THAT I JUST SAW MOM HEADING THIS WAY WITH A ROLLING PIN!

OH, OH!

QUICK, FELLOWS, WHERE CAN I HIDE?

YOU BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE, POP! THERE IS NOTHING IN THIS ROOM BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE BEHIND!

OH, FINE! TRAPPED LIKE A RAT!

WHY DON'T YOU CLIMB OUT THE BACK WINDOW?

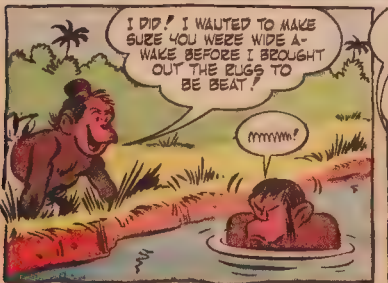
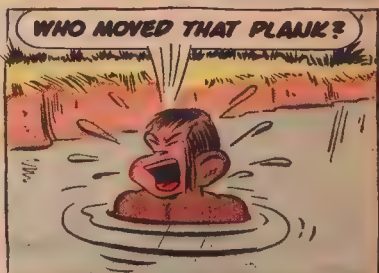
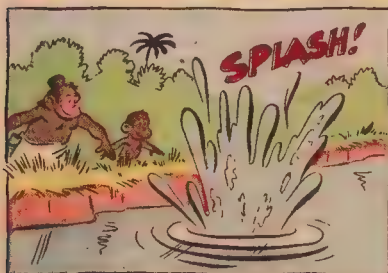
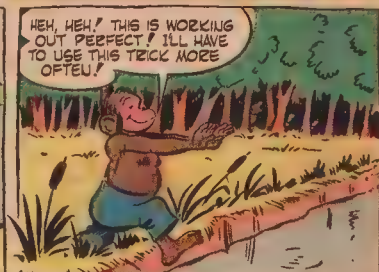
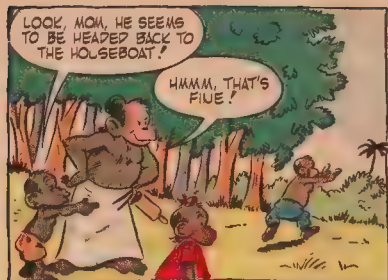
DON'T BE FOOLISH! YOU KNOW I'M TOO FAT TO FIT THROUGH THESE WINDOWS!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH GONG HOME THE SAME WAY YOU CAME HERE?

YOU MEAN PRETEND TO WALKING IN MY SLEEP? YEAH, I THINK YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE!

HERE HE COMES, MOM, AND HE IS STILL WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

WUMPH!



M.G.M. CARTOONS  
*present*

# WUFF

the  
PRAIRIE DOG

SEE, SAMMY, WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' ALL MORNING AND WE STILL DON'T HAVE ENOUGH GRAIN FOR THANKSGIVING DINNER!

YEAH, THIS SNOW SURE SPOILED OUR CHANCES!



SAY! TOMMY TRADE RAT TOLD ME THAT FARMER BROWN HAS A WHOLE BIN JUST FULL OF YUMMY CORN!



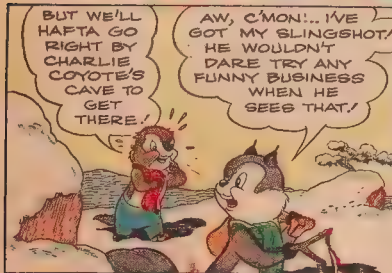
HE'S GOT SO MUCH, I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T MIND IF WE BORROWED JUST A LITTLE!

SWELL! LET'S GET STARTED!

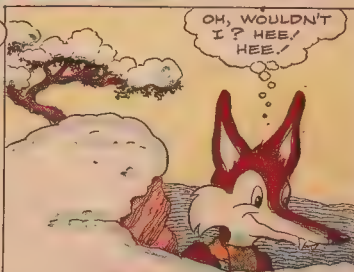


BUT WE'LL HAFTA GO RIGHT BY CHARLIE COYOTE'S CAVE TO GET THERE!

AW, C'MON!... I'VE GOT MY SLINGSHOT! HE WOULDN'T DARE TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS WHEN HE SEES THAT!



OH, WOULDN'T I? HEE! HEE!

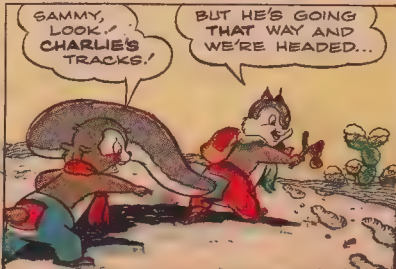


MY WALKIN' BACKWARDS WILL FOOL THEM KIDS, ALL RIGHT! THEY'LL THINK I'VE ALREADY BEEN WHERE I'M JUST GETTIN' TO! HEE! HEE!

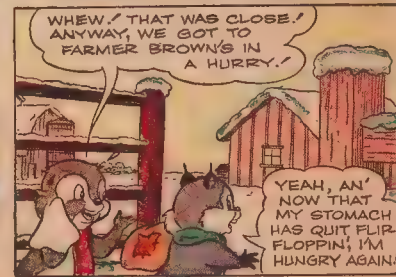
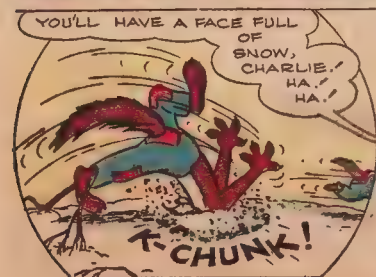
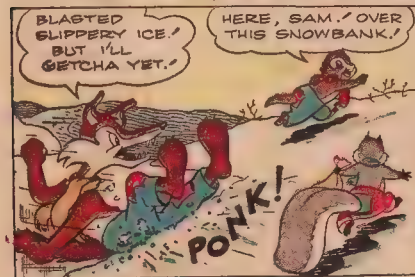
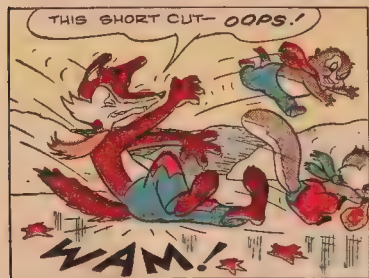
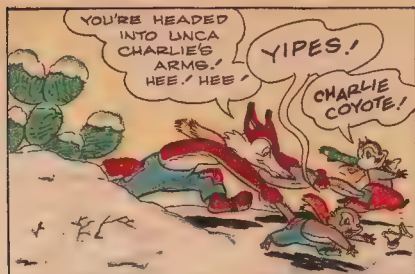


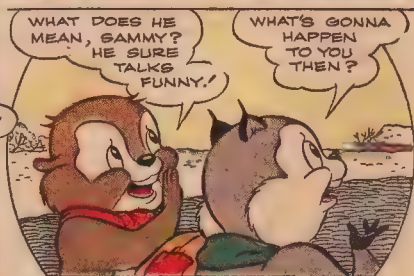
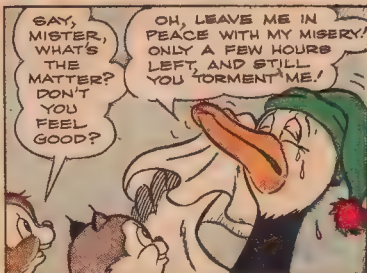
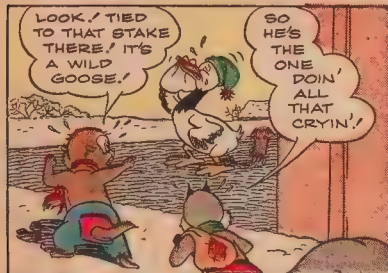
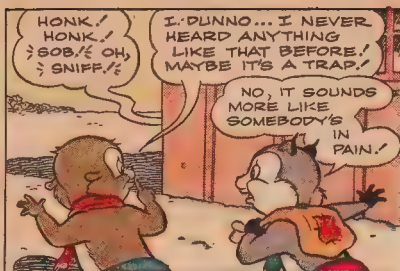
SAMMY, LOOK! CHARLIE'S TRACKS!

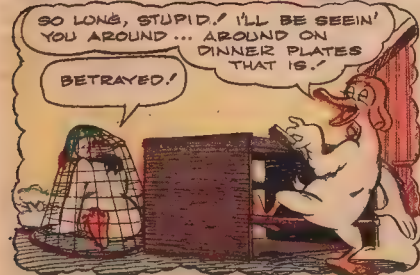
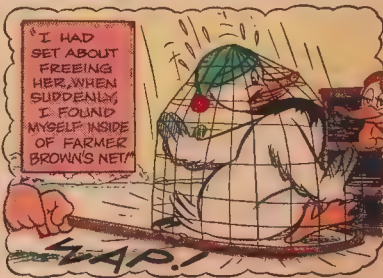
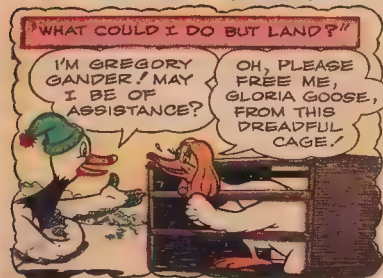
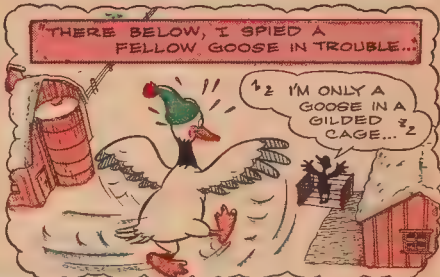
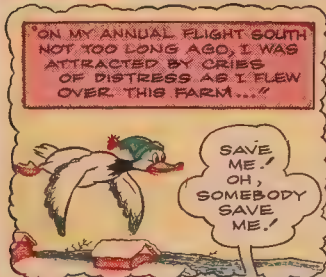
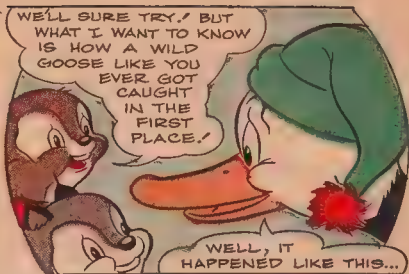
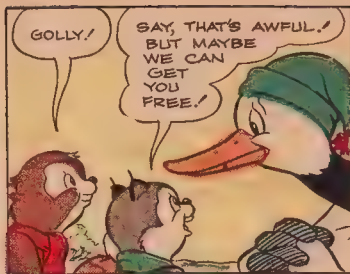
BUT HE'S GOING THAT WAY AND WE'RE HEADED...



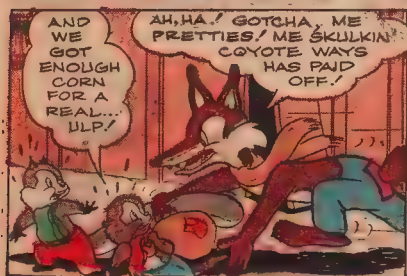
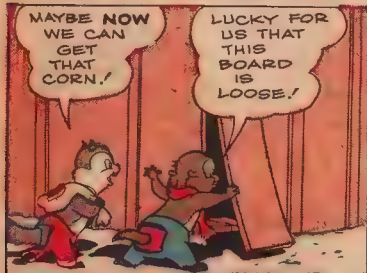
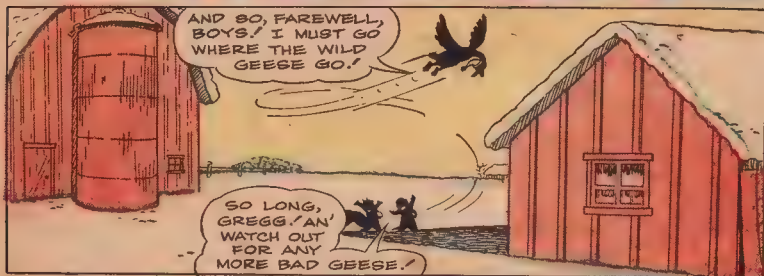
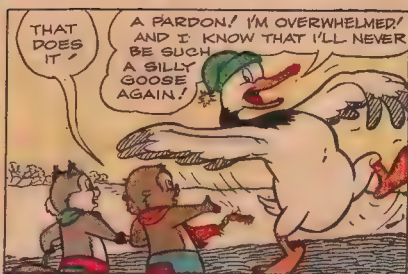
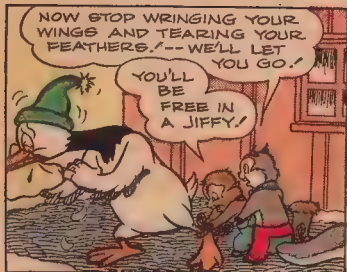


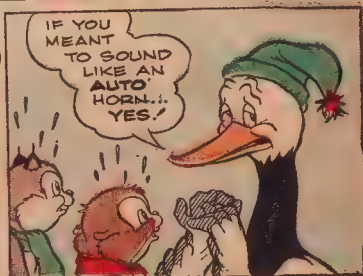
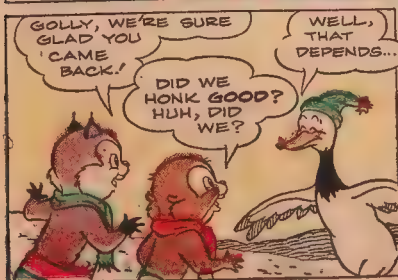
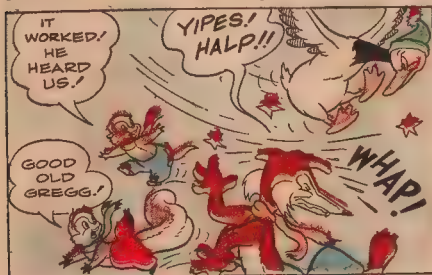
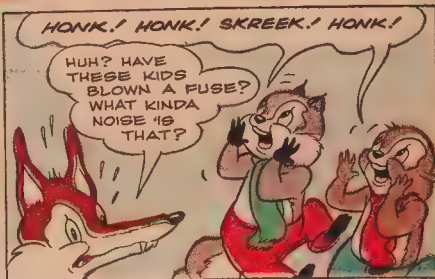
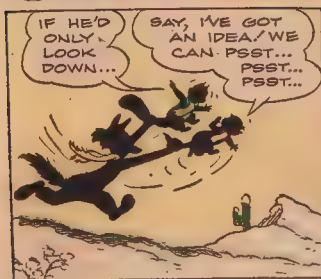
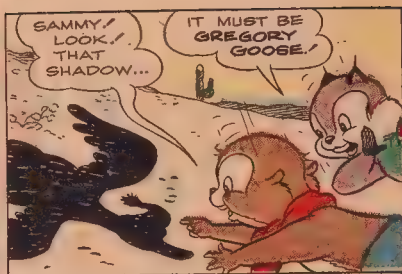






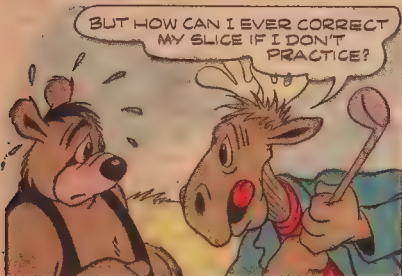
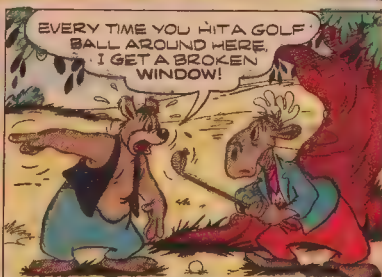
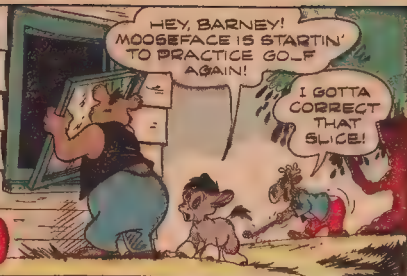




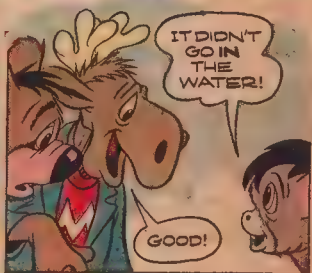
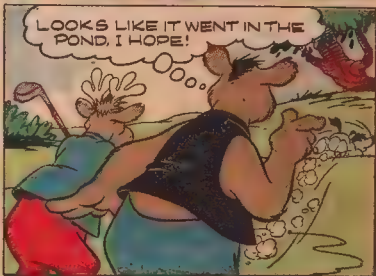
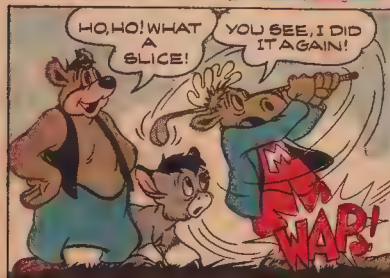
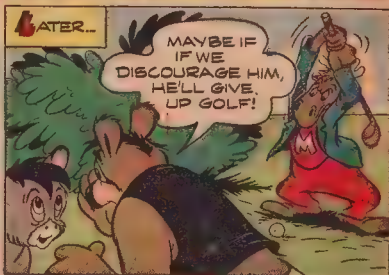
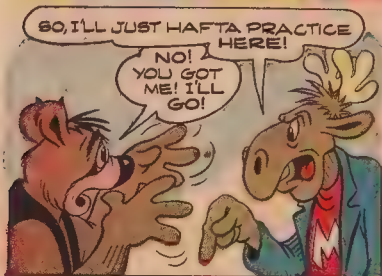
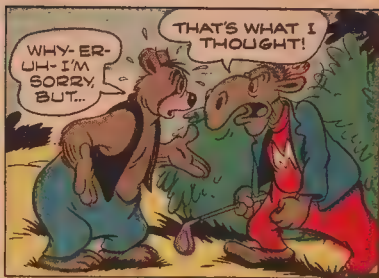


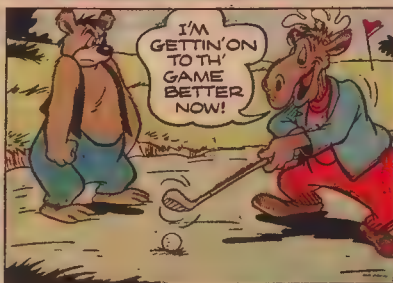
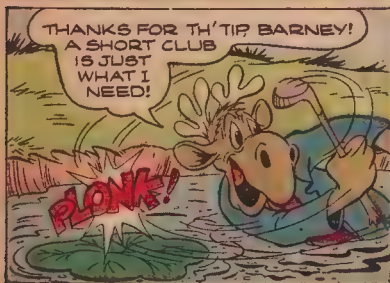
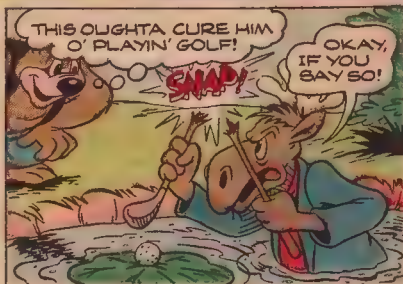
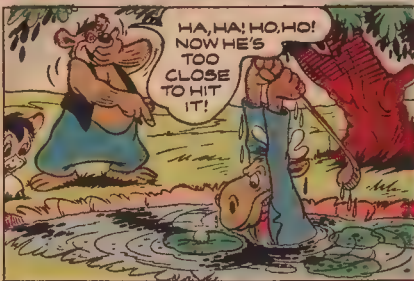
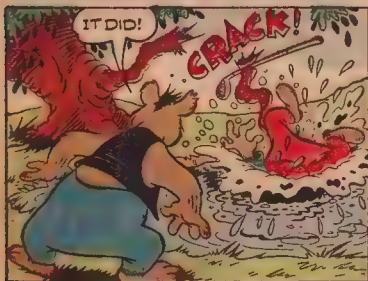
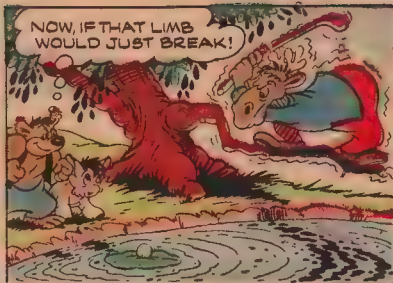
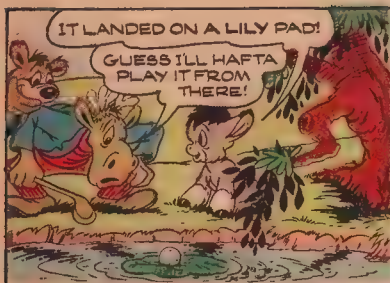
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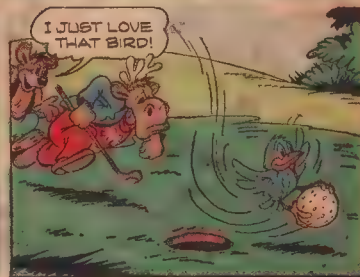
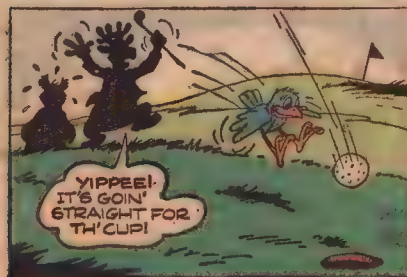
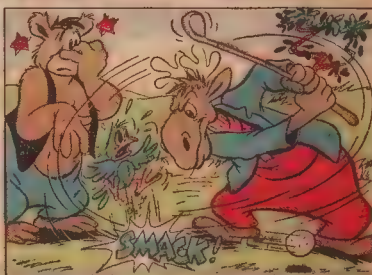
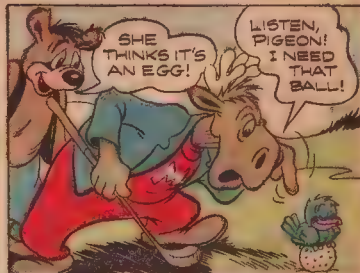
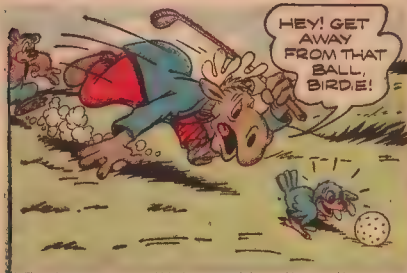
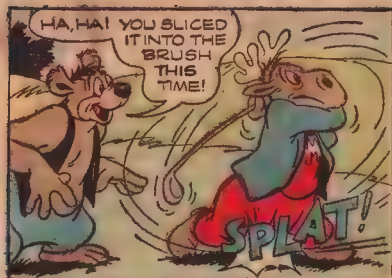
# BARNEY BEAR and BENNY BURRO



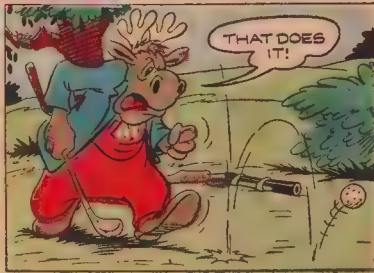
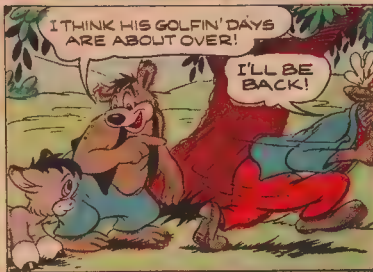
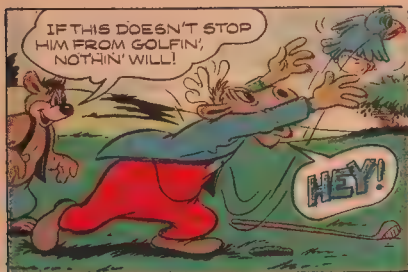


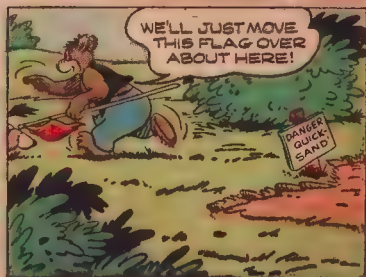
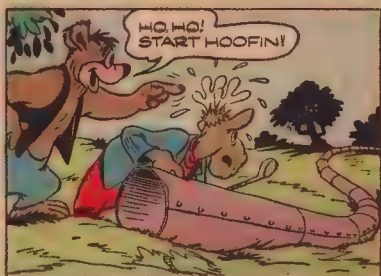
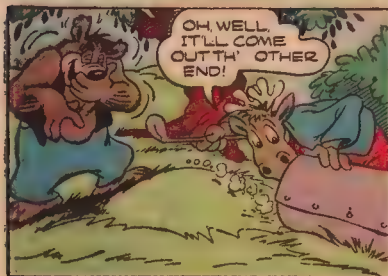
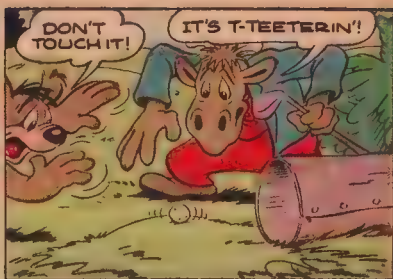
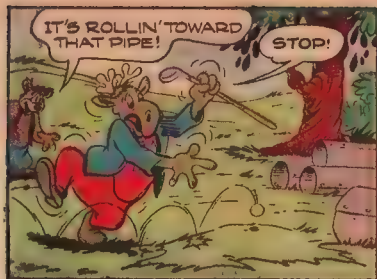


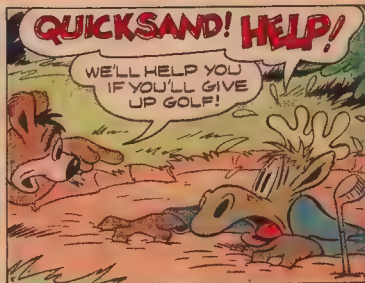
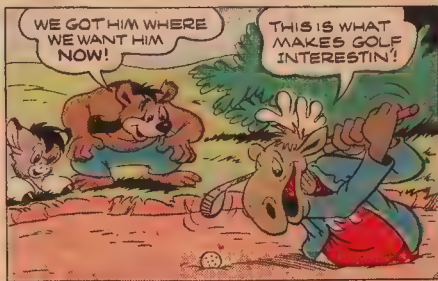
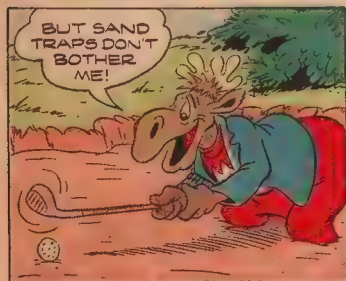
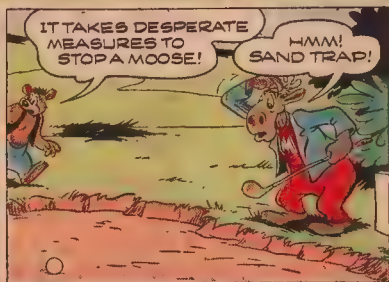
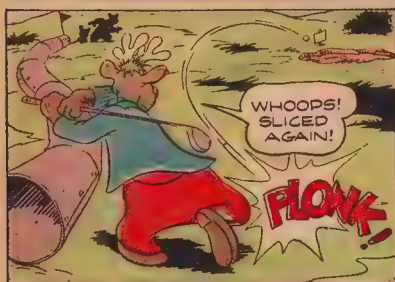
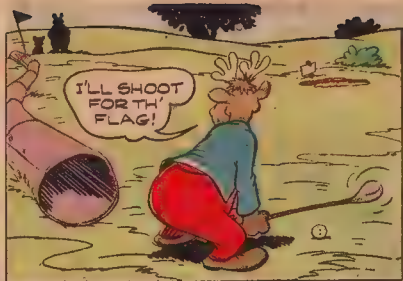
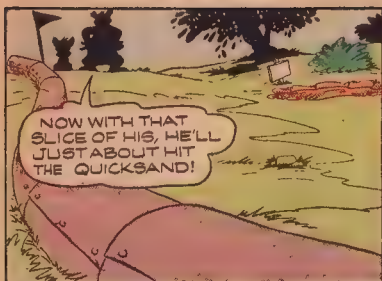




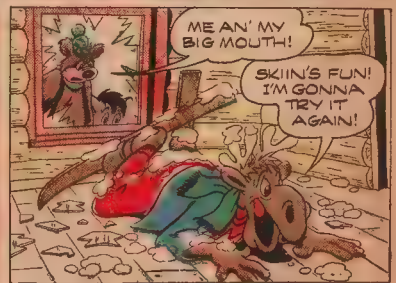
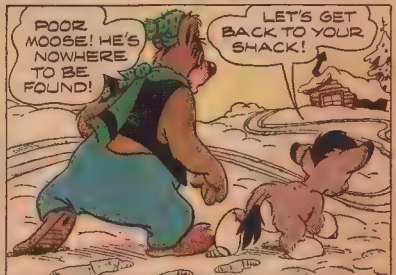
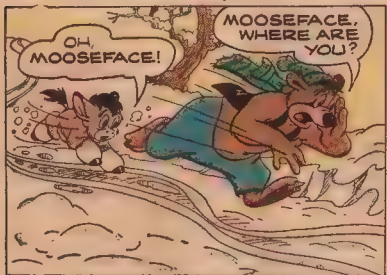
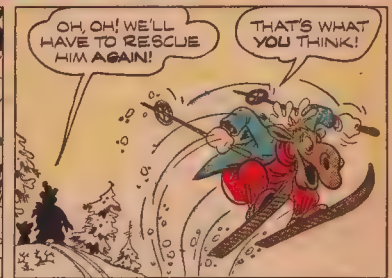
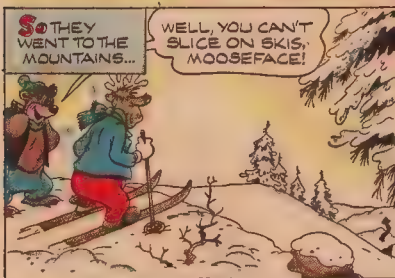
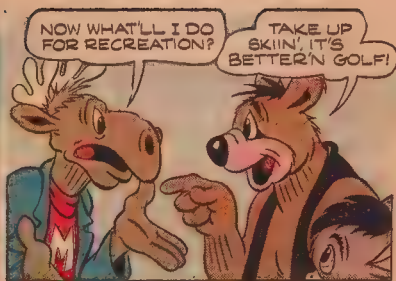
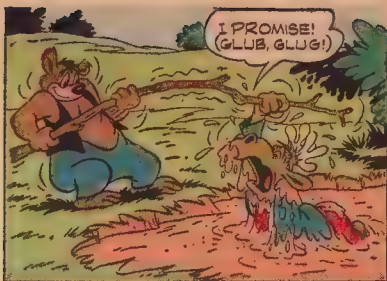












M.G.M. CARTOONS  
*present*

# fuzzy and wuzzy

MORE SPUDS,  
PLEASE!

WHAT  
CHOW HOUNDS!

GULP!  
CHOMP!

PLEASE PASS  
TH' MEAT!

BRUNCH

CHEW!

IS THAT  
ALL  
I GET?

IT'S YOUR THIRD PIECE!

WHACK OFF  
ANOTHER  
CHUNK FOR  
ME!

WOW! HOW CAN YOU KIDS  
STOW AWAY SO  
MUCH FOOD?

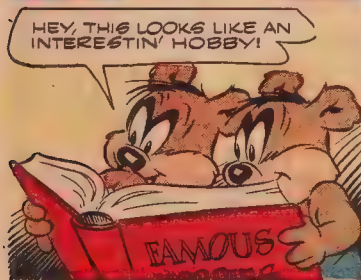
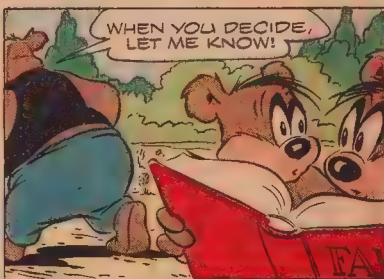
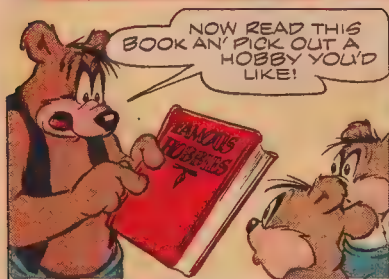
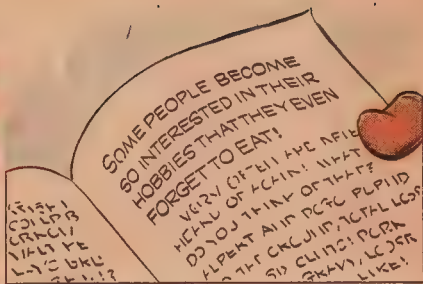
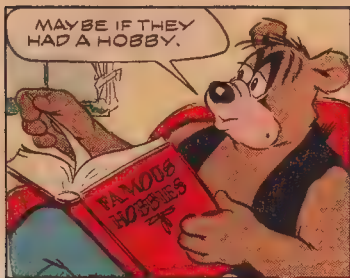
IT'S EASY!  
WE PRACTICE  
ALL TH' TIME!

THEY'RE GETTIN'  
FATTER AN' LAZIER  
EVERY DAY!

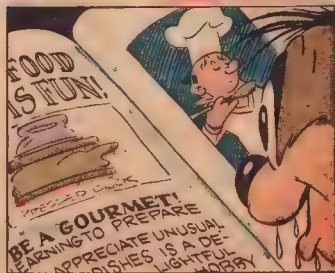
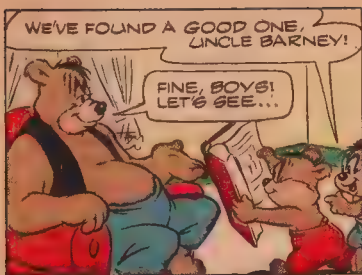
WHEN KIDS EAT TOO  
MUCH, THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
WRONG!

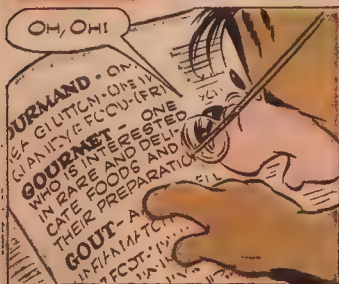
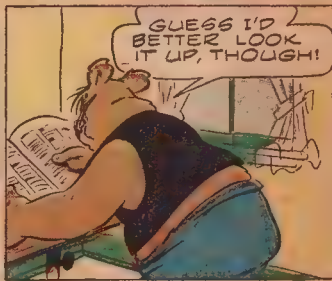
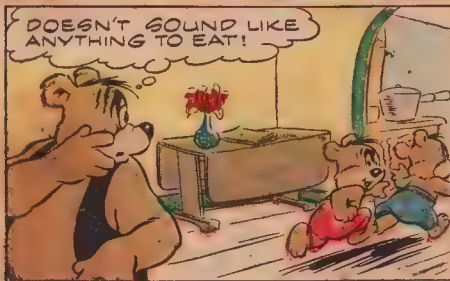
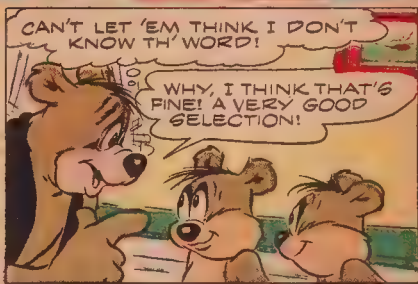
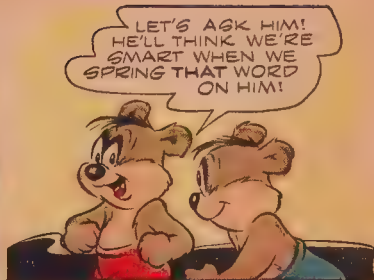
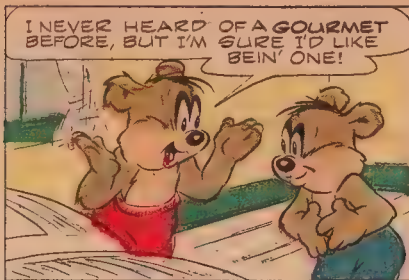
WHAT ARE WE  
HAVIN' FOR  
SUPPER,  
UNCLE BARNEY?

I SHOULD DO SOMETHING TO  
TAKE THEIR MINDS  
OFF EATIN' ALL  
TH' TIME!

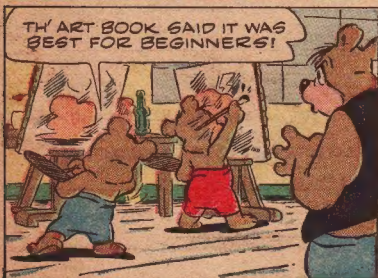
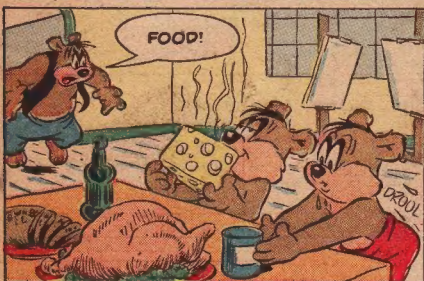
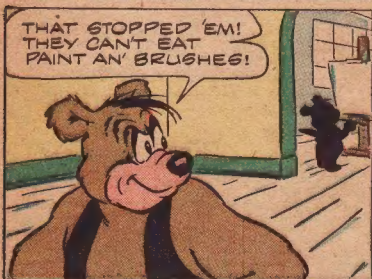
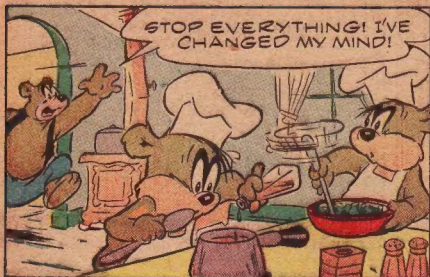






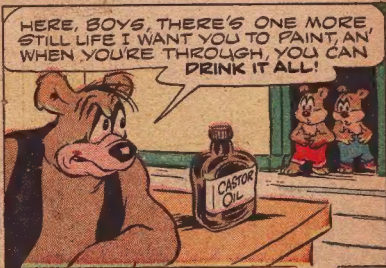
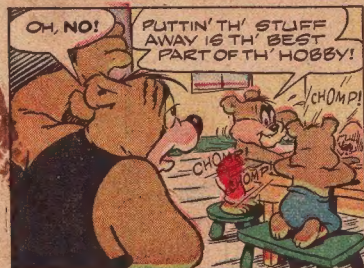
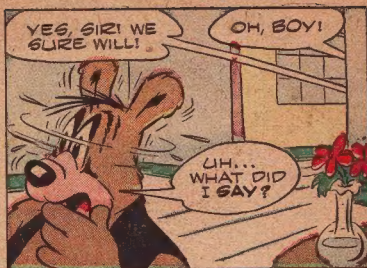
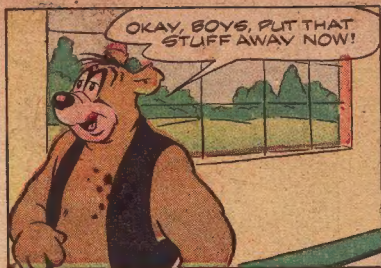






ALL DONE!





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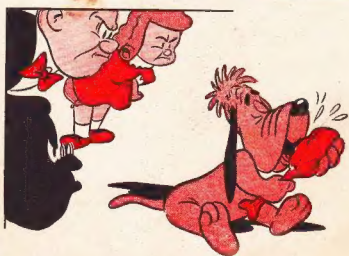
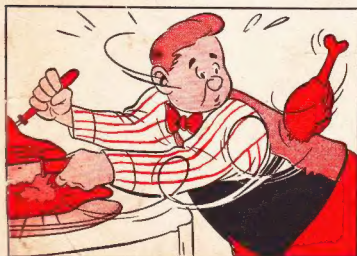
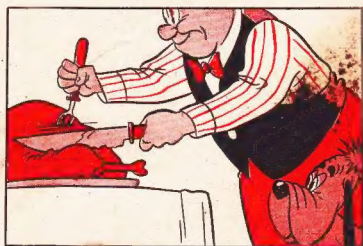
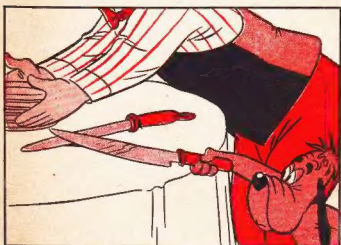
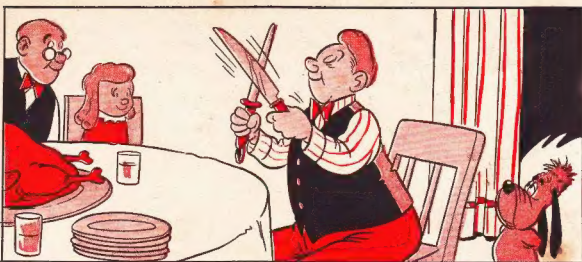
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